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**Experi-
ences in
the
Civil War**



by
Solomon Woolworth

A black and white portrait of an elderly man with a long, full white beard and mustache. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a white shirt and a dark vest. The portrait is framed by a thin black border.

**Telling of His Capture and
Marvelous Escape from Prison
in the Civil War**

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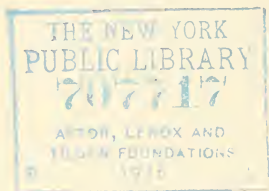
EXPERIENCES IN THE CIVIL WAR

BY
SOLOMON WOOLWORTH

NEWARK, N. J.

1904

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by Solomon Woolworth.*

EXPERIENCES OF SOLOMON WOOLWORTH IN THE WAR WITH THE SOUTH.

When the War broke out I was in business in State street, Chicago, as a grocer and butcher.

We all thought the first six months would put an end to the War; that the first quota of men, which was seventy-five thousand, would be a sufficient number, but we found we had miscalculated the strength of the South.

Abraham Lincoln had to issue a proclamation for six hundred thousand. Then he issued another proclamation, that every slave that came within the reach of the army should be free. He gave the South three months to make up their minds. It was the opinion of most people they would come in as they were, and enjoy all the rights they ever had, but they saw all the Western States were being settled by the free North. Now they knew, with no more territory than they had in the South, slavery would be no good to them, so they decided to fight it to the bitter end. Up to this time we had no success, but when the three months were ended and we had started again, we had success. We didn't have to take the slave back to his master

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again, as the Potomac Army had done, but we armed him and put him back in the ranks to fight his master as fast as the army approached the South.

The slaves had heard of Master Lincoln's proclamation; they had flocked to our army.

Now the South dare not trust the slaves with their arms; all they could use them for was building fortifications. Lincoln called for three hundred thousand men. The Democrats were opposed to the War—they didn't want to go; so he let them off at three hundred dollars each.

At this juncture of the war I thought if I didn't go out and fight for my country I would have no right to own property in the country. The price this country would cost would be blood. My ancestors were all fighting people; my two grandfathers fought in the Revolutionary War and three uncles fought in the war with Great Britain in 1812. One of them was wounded and carried a bullet in his shoulder and drew a pension until he died.

I considered the matter over and thought it was my duty to enlist. We had thought, until this time, that young men could put down the rebellion and the old men wouldn't have to go out, but we found it assumed larger proportions than we thought. So, when they called for the last quota of men—six hundred thousand—we found the old men must go as well as the young.

I sold out my store and prepared to enlist. I enlisted the second day of August, 1862, in the 113th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. There were three regiments gotten up by the Board of Trade of Chicago. I enlisted in the third one. We went into camp at Camp Hancock, on Lake Michigan's shore,

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for three months. There I learned to handle the musket in every shape. We fought sham battles and went on dress parade every day. Every third day we had to go on two hours for fatigue duty, and once a week guard duty. Every day, at nine o'clock, the bugle would sound for the sick to report themselves. The doctor would examine them and, if necessary, would send them to the hospital. At night a line would form around the encampment, of soldiers, about twenty-five feet apart. The duty of the soldiers was to march up to the post and to turn and march back again. When they were put on duty they were given the pass word.

Every two hours they were relieved by the sergeant, who put another man in their place. When the sergeant would get within a certain distance he was halted, and would have to give the password. If, however, they fail to give the password, the soldiers would call the corporal; then he would go out and take him prisoner and march him up to the regiment headquarters. There they were put in the guard house and kept until nine o'clock the next day. Then they would be examined by the officers.

There was a lady, who kept a lunch stand, in the regiment. After they would eat their rations at the camp, they would go to her, and spend twenty-five cents for pies, cakes or sweets. The next day they would be reported on the sick list and would have to go to the hospital for two or three days. In this way they spent considerable of their money, which did them no good.

I hold that such things shouldn't be allowed in an encampment of soldiers, for I have seen the folly of such things.

Shouldering arms and presenting arms was very nice for the

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first two or three weeks, and talking of war news. We had to sleep on the ground at night. The bugle sounded at sunrise, which was a signal to get up and prepare for company drill. Many of the boys got tired of soldiering; it wasn't as it was at home, where they could lay abed as long as they liked. Some of them deserted. I was detailed to go with a party to hunt a deserter and bring him back to camp. We went down to the city of Chicago and surrounded his father's residence. It looked pretty warlike when we surrounded the house with loaded rifles, ordered to halt any one that came out. This we did at midnight.

We had a very pompous lieutenant. He went up to the front door like a commanding general; he demanded entrance into the house by the authority of the United States. If they didn't open it in five minutes he would break the door down. The father came to the door and he was frightened out of his senses; but the boy was not there, so we had all that scout for nothing.

The boys got tired of this kind of play and wished they had never enlisted. About this time the army was defeated at Harper's Ferry. They were paroled by Stonewall Jackson. The boys thought they were going right home, but the Government thought otherwise and sent three regiments of them up to us to guard. The boys were so mad because they didn't go home that they were determined to desert and go home. This took a very vigorous guard to keep them in camp, and quite a number of them were shot trying to get out of the camp. This duty we had about six weeks.

When we first went into camp there were about eighteen, and we hadn't a man among us that knew enough to make out

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a requisition to get rations. For one day we couldn't draw rations.

A squad came in at night; among them was a Mr. Conway. This Conway had been a drunkard and his wife supported him by doing washing. He was an Irishman and he had learned how to draw rations; so, when they found out he could draw rations, they voted him in orderly sergeant. To clothe an Irishman with power then he likes to show it. Once in a while we would be drawn up in line on dress parade and some stranger would review us, with the view of being colonel of the regiment. After three or four times there came one George B. Hogue. He looked so grand sitting up there so straight on that noble horse. He could give orders so distinct and clear that the boys thought they must have him. Now, according to military, we should have taken one of our own command and voted him in colonel, but, instead of that, we took the one that was sent to us. He could rectify more whiskey than any other man I ever knew and stand up on his legs. His mother was a poor widow in Missouri, and had managed to give him a little military education, but with the education he imbibed all the bad habits going. There was a Mr. Brown. Now he was pretty smart and the boys thought best to make him lieutenant.

He was a street-car driver. Yes, and he owed me two or three dollars. He was a corporal when we first went in, but the boys jumped him right up to second lieutenant. There came a day when the company presented him with a sword. His wife was Goddess of Liberty, she presented him with the sword.

We had a good many visitors that day. The lieutenant

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swung the sword and said it would never come back disgraced. There were a great many patriotic speeches made and a great many rebels slain that day, before the regiment had gone down South at all.

I got up and made a speech. I said the time for a reward was after the work was done, and now, if Mr. Brown had been down South, and had received a good deal of glory for his gallant actions, then it would have been time to present him with the sword for his bravery. It looked to me as if it was paying him before he had done his work. No farmer would think of paying a man until he had done his day's work.

Mr. Doe was first orderly sergeant and afterwards was advanced to major. In this capacity he stayed all the while we were in the North. He drilled the regiment many times. There came a day when we went on dress parade with the whole command—three regiments and a battery. Here we had to march and counter march and perform the whole routine duty. We also had to form a hollow square, and had to prepare to receive a charge of cavalry. This means to kneel down on one knee and put the breech of the musket against the other foot, and hold it up at right angles, just high enough to hit a horse's breast. The file behind you kneel the same way, only the muzzle of the gun goes right over your shoulders, and, when a command is in this attitude, they look very handsome. The next we had to stand a dose of cannonading. They drew us up in line in front of the line of cannons. I saw the boys begin to look pale; they wished they were back to mother's apron string again, but we got through with it without any of us being killed. The gunners fired just as fast as they could, as they were practicing to fire quick.

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John Doe, when he came to the regiment, he had some friends there. They thought he ought to be made orderly sergeant. So, after a while, they made him orderly. When the regiment was made complete, they had to have an adjutant. He had some pretty warm friends in the command and they thought he would be a suitable one for adjutant, consequently they made him adjutant. In this capacity he served until the regiment went South.

Every morning we had roll call. There would generally be some one that wouldn't come back at the limit of the pass, but, if they came in two or three days, they would give them a slight punishment and put them in the guard house for a few hours, or, perhaps, extra police duty. Those that didn't report at the limitation of the pass were marked as deserters.

I noticed, after a week or so, they dropped his name, and didn't call it. Then we began to inquire into it and found out that both the lieutenant and sergeant got a hundred dollars a piece for letting him off. We made him furnish another man in his place. They had to pay him a hundred dollars, so they only made a hundred out of it.

John Doe was a fast young man and had a good many lady acquaintances, so he took it into his head, one day, to march the regiment all over the city. Where he had any fancy we had to march on that street, so he could show himself commander of the regiment. We marched down State street, La-Salle street, Dearborne and Washington streets. He had a great many acquaintances in the last-mentioned street. We had to go through the manual of arms—shouldering arms and presenting arms. Face right and face left. Then we broke

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into columns and marched up the street. This was in November, and in a pelting snowstorm all day long.

Our camp was two miles from the city, so you may know that, after we had marched four miles and then all over the city, an angrier lot of men I never saw—when they got into camp, tired nearly to death, and did it all to gratify that simpleton's pride. We wouldn't have done it if we had the other commanders. This is all the glory he ever gained.

The officers issued orders for all to report at headquarters to sign their pay. In this way they got all the soldiers in. Then they gave orders that they couldn't leave camp any more as no passes would be granted.

The next day Adjutant Fuller appeared on the ground. Up until this time we had been in State service. Now we were mustered into United States service. We were drawn up in line and the adjutant rode along the line and read the military tactics. He read how the soldiers must implicitly obey. If there was any that didn't like the tactics they are told to step out two paces in front, and I stepped out. He rode up to me and says: "What does this mean? Are you going to rebel before you go out?" I told him that I heard him read that the soldiers must obey the orders of the officers. If any of my officers should order me to surrender, I couldn't obey it. He said: "Shoot him, and I'll bear you out in it." The boys had lots of fun over it, and said I was one of the highest officers.

Now we had rations issued to Cairo. I shall never forget the day we marched away from Chicago. It was snowing as hard as it could snow. It had been advertised in the city papers that we were to go a certain day. The women were bidding

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farewell to their loved ones—never expecting to see them again, and there was plenty of crying done, and wringing of hands.

I was glad that I didn't have any family to leave. I had a young lady whom I had done a great deal for. She was my fiance. There were many promises to write letters every week. The women stayed at camp until we were out of sight. They waved their handkerchiefs as long as we could see them. I bid Chicago good-by, for I never expected to see it again.

We were crowded into the cars—about a third more than the capacity of the car could hold. This way we had about three hundred and fifteen miles to travel. We reached Cairo four o'clock in the morning. We disembarked from the cars and they drew us up in line and we had to stand for two or three hours.

Our officers hadn't sense enough to draw rations for us. They got us aboard the boat, then took possession of the cabins and put a guard to each door. Now my readers must know we had no rations issued to us in Cairo to carry us to Memphis for two days and two nights. The officers held high carnival all the way from Cairo to Memphis. They had plenty to eat on the boat and plenty to drink. We could hear them in their debauch.

We arrived at Memphis and disembarked there, and an angrier lot of men you never saw. We went one mile back of Memphis city, and went to the camp.

We never saw Mr. Brown or Mr. Doe after we all took the boat at Cairo, but we knew they were in the drunken debauch. The next we heard of them they had resigned and gone up North. Mr. Brown went driving on the street cars again and Mr. Doe went back to his old trade, piano tuning, and this

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ended all their military glory. We stayed in camp here about one week. We had to stand picket every night, expecting to be shot by the Rebels.

Colonel George B. Hogue filled himself with whiskey and all went outside the lines. He came slashing through the brush after dark and he happened to come up in hearing distance of my post. I ordered him to halt, but he paid no attention. He thought because he was colonel he had a right; but I ordered him twice more to halt, but he didn't halt. I had previous orders that, after I had hollowed halt three times, I should shoot them, and I was sorry afterwards I didn't do it. I knew it was the colonel for I had a little inkling of the plan. I called for the corporal and took him prisoner. When he came up to me there was a great bustle in camp and they called for volunteers to go out and make a raid on the rebels, but when we got out I found the raid on the Rebels was a raid on an old cow. Whitcomb was the boss of the raid and he shot her. We took her hide off and cut her up and took her into camp. We left the hide and horns outside, where we killed her. The next day the owner came to camp and showed the horns to the officers. He said if he could find anything that the horns belonged to, he would punish the men; but he could not find anything they belonged to.

There was a great secret in camp as to where the boys were going. This time they were going to attack a Rebel Major, and I thought he had a squad of troops with him, so they got me to volunteer to go, but when they got there it was a poor widow, left alone. It frightened her nearly to death, but they went on and robbed the hen roost and all they could get their hands on, and we returned to camp with a cart load of poultry.

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Now we got orders to march out to Tallahassee, about forty-five miles distant, and there was a stream of fire the whole distance, Rebel houses and stables burning. It was a very dry time. Everything you touched a match to it burned. The air was so full of smoke it was fairly stifling to breathe.

Before I left Memphis I sent all my clothing and knapsacks back to Chicago. The rest of them didn't send theirs. It was a very hot day when we started out of Memphis. The mercury registered ninety. You could have picked up a load of overcoats they threw away, it was so warm. When we were all ready to march, with the knapsacks on, we had to stand still two hours and a half, for the colonel to get sober enough to lead us.

We had a matron with us and she was detailed to stand and fan the colonel for two hours. He was lying on a sofa taken from a Rebel's house in the woods. All the way trees were cut down and fell across the road, and they amused themselves by firing at us while we cleaned them out of the road.

When we got to Tallahassee it was a dark night. We encamped in a cornfield. It rained like everything and I took my blanket and laid on a bunch of rails. All you could hear was just a little squeal of a pig. I was left in charge of a hundred men to guard a lot of stuff we couldn't carry. We were there two days; then we went about five miles up the river. We had to build a new bridge with the Rebels firing at us all the time. When we completed the bridge we crossed over and went up five or six miles to a Rebel camp. After days of fighting we routed the enemy. Then we got orders to march back to Memphis again. We stayed there for about a week. Then we had a battalion drill and all kinds of drills.

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We arrived at Milligan's Bend in the forenoon. They had just got their Christmas dinner prepared, but when they saw our army coming they pulled up stakes and left in a hurry, leaving their dinner all ready prepared on the table. Our officers enjoyed the dinner very much.

We commenced disembarking part of the troops on the levee. Our lieutenant-colonel rode up and down the levee, two men holding him on the horse, and he was swinging his sword, telling how he cut the Rebels.

When we got ready to march he was on the boat again, too drunk to go with us. The other officers, colonel and major, were also too drunk to go, and stayed on the boat. All to lead us then was a captain of Company B.

We marched on the levee and the Rebels went into a swamp and kept up a steady fire on us. We went off the levee and took a road that led back to the railroad about five miles. There we tore up the railroad and made a fire of the ties and heated the rails until we could bend them. This was the only railroad that Texas had to supply the wants of Vicksburg. We returned to the boats again under a strong Rebel fire.

Then we received orders to come on to Vicksburg, which took about twenty-four hours. When we got there we had to fight an enemy strongly posted on Walnut Hill, just back of Vicksburg. The boys found it was no fun in fishing up torpedoes. We had two men stationed on each side of the boat, and when the grapple caught on to a chain they had to raise it up carefully and cut off the torpedo. It was dangerous business and a great many were killed in doing it.

I saw the bow of the boat all blown off by the torpedoes while the other regiments went up to fight the enemy. We

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were left behind to guard the fleet, and our colonel had the command of the force that was left to take care of the fleet.

One night we were all ordered out under arms, supposing we had to meet the enemy, but it turned out that it was some mules that had gotten loose in the canebrake and the colonel thought it was the Rebel's cavalry. We had to stand under arms all that night, and dare not light a match. That was New Year's night and the ice froze hard enough to bear a person. The colonel was so drunk it took two of his servants to put him to bed and he didn't know where the command was, or anything about it. We stood until daylight and then went into camp on our own accord. There were thirty men who went into the hospital and never did any more duty. Among them was a captain of Company H.

He brought to us a company of all able-bodied men and they were dressed in a uniform of their own. This man was a well-to-do farmer and got up a company of his friends. I went to see his widow after the War, as he had requested me to do, and told her just how her husband died.

The colonel got sober enough to ride his horse by nine o'clock. Then we were drawn up in line, and the colonel congratulated us, saying we stood all night long expecting to be fired on by the Rebels.

Now I told our captain to tell the colonel that, if he wanted to test the bravery of his regiment to get on his horse and ride towards the enemy, and I told him there was not a man in his regiment but what would follow him. Then I said to him, "You need not test your regiment by making them stand in the mud all night long." More than thirty of them have gone into the hospital and may never come out. After four

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hours' fighting they gave us a cessation of fighting for two hours until we could bury our dead.

We dug a long ditch the width of a man and put six hundred into it. They were brought in on a stretcher; then they were buried and covered up and a board put at each end of the grave with the number of men buried there, which was six hundred and fifteen.

I was posted right in front of the enemy's line. When they came to relieve us we found out that the army had all retreated. Now there was a race for life, and the moment we were drawn off they knew the army had retreated.

They started with their cavalry in haste after us. I couldn't run as fast as the other boys did, so I got out of the road and went into the canebrake while the cavalry went by me; then I went into the road again and went on. The cavalry went as near the fleet as they dare and then they came back. So, when I heard them coming, I run for the canebrake again while they went past. When I got down to the fleet they were away out in the Azoo where I could just make them hear. Then they sent a boat to let me on, and when I got on they had a good deal of fun with me. They thought the Rebels had captured me; but I told them the Rebels weren't smart enough to do that.

The fleet went on to Milligan's Bend. There I volunteered to General Sherman to go inside the Rebel lines, but he told me if there was any need of anybody to go inside the Rebel lines, he would let me know.

We stayed there about a week. We had some skirmishes with the Rebels. We lost one of the government wagons. The boat tipped and the wagon ran off into the river. The

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water was about eighty feet deep but they never tried to raise it.

Now we sailed again to Young's Point. Here we disembarked and went into battle array, and from Milligan's Bend we went up the river. We went to the mouth of the White River; we were there two days. I stood picket out in the swamps after two days. We went up the river fifty miles to Arkansas Post. There we disembarked and the officers issued rations. We had them about half cooked; then we got orders to fall in and prepare for battle and left our rations on the field. I had four or five hard-tacks in my haversack. They had to do me two days.

When we marched we marched under the enemy's fire. We were in the woods all the way. When grape and canister are shot through the woods they make a terrible noise cutting off limbs and trees.

There was one lieutenant who was struck in the leg by the grape shot. He said, "There goes one leg all to the devil." Then they put him on a stretcher. Every few minutes they would be going along with the stretcher with somebody on it.

We had to stand all night under arms and dare not light a match, and they were shelling all night. Every once in a while someone would get a clip with a fragment of a shell.

There was a high spot of ground in front of us where we could see the rebel fort. A lot of us boys crawled up there, but the Rebels let us know they could see us as well as we could see them and fired a volley upon us, which wounded four. If they hadn't fired it so high it would have killed every one. There was no curiosity, after that, to see the Rebel fort.

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We marched around behind the Rebel fort until about noon; then we received orders to charge the fort.

The fort had two miles of intrenchments around it; this intrenchment was dug about half the length of a man. The logs were laid tight to one another until the last log was about two inches apart—so they could put their musket through it. The upper log would protect their head so they couldn't be seen. Now they had tree tops which they cut down and sharpened every limb to a point. They put about two rods of this stuff in front of the intrenchment.

Now you can imagine it would be a lively job to charge that intrenchment. The enemy was protected, while we had to crawl through those tree tops as best we could, while they were keeping up a continual fire on us.

We had to stand a little while after we were ordered to charge, and the boys that were Christians took out their testaments and read them. We had one boy among them that got weak in the legs when he got where the enemy was, and the captain gave charge to everyone to shoot him if he turned to go back. Now, after that he was the bravest boy we had in the company. The captain took all the cowardice out of him. I gave myself into the hands of God and then went into charge.

When we had marched a little way towards them we got orders to fall down and protect ourselves the best we could. It had been a piece of woods, and they cut it off. Now, when we fell, we hid ourselves the best we could behind stumps, rocks and little knolls. One of our men hid himself just behind a knoll, and it was just high enough to cover his head.

There was a bullet that went through the knoll and on through his hair and I supposed he was dead. That volley

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killed five or six of our men. One Dutchman got shot in the ankle and he screamed loud enough to frighten one to death. We kept on crawling up and hiding ourselves behind anything we could find to protect us until we got within about ten rods of the enemy.

There was a log pile where they had cut off the timber and piled it up in high piles. A great many of the boys were behind that, so I crept up behind it, but so many of them got there that the Rebels were killing them at every volley. There was an oak tree about four rods in line with this pile of logs, and, if I could get there, I would be safe, so I asked God's protection and went out. There was the full regiment of the enemy and I was a lone target, but when I reached the tree then I was comparatively safe, though some of the boys had crawled up behind me; they loaded their own guns and would hand them up to me. In this way I kept up a steady fire for three hours. One of the captains said: "They are getting the battery out so as to get range of us." The captain yelled out: "Go for the battery!" and in less than three minutes there wasn't a man or a horse left alive. Then the enemy surrendered.

I was the first to see the white flag. I yelled, "They are surrendering!" but the boys said give them more, so they fired two or three volleys after this. Then the officers got a hold of it and yelled cease firing, and then three or four officers went down and arranged for their surrender. It was an unconditional surrender. That night our officers took fifteen hundred more that had come to help them. We opened the line and let them march right in and then informed them that they were all prisoners.

The next morning I went out in the back end of the fort.

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There was a load of Rebel beef. The shells had killed the mules and the driver. I cut off some of the meat and ate it raw. I thought it was the sweetest thing I ever ate. This day we were kept busy tearing down the fortifications and burying the dead and putting the prisoners aboard the boats. This was the 12th, 13th and 14th of January, 1863. It was on Sunday we had buried the Rebels' dead and our own dead.

We found one man where a shell had struck him, cut off both feet and thrown him outside of the woods and twisted him twice around. Our own dead were found all scattered around the intrenchment. Some places they laid very thick. We found one poor fellow that was shot through the head, and some of his comrades were there and knew him. They said he was married just before he came South. Where we found him there was a large pool of blood, showing that his agony must have been very great. I think we buried more than a thousand of our men—not so many of the Rebels, but we thought there were more killed and they had buried them during the fight.

The next was the skill of the gunners on our gunboats. The forts were built with eight inches of oak timbers and railroad iron, put one tier across and then put another tier turned over. The river turned around here and left them about the middle of the river, and the banks were about twenty feet high. That gave our gunboats a chance to throw their shells right through their intrenchments. We threw the steel-pointed bullets, that weighed about a hundred pounds, and so the fort, after the cannonading of it, was all shivered to pieces.

Their sweepstakes was on top of the fort and it had the muzzle of it shot off—about one-third the length of the gun—and

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dismounted. Besides, the other three rifle guns were rendered good for nothing. There were port holes, where they ran the guns through to fire and then ran them back and shut the port hole. I learned from their men that they had to take sixteen of the men and put them in at the point of bayonet, and three times over they had to do this. I went back to the tree where I had kept up a continual fire for three hours. I found where thirty bullets had struck the tree within the space of ten feet up the tree. This was the result of their firing at me. They thought there was a squad of Yankees there, and this was the reason that they had kept up a steady fire on the tree. We traced our steps again from where we started. The officers all got aboard the fleet and went down on that.

They were always neglectful in their duty. They should have issued rations to us that night, so we could have cooked them and got ready to go on the boat; but, instead of this, they had a jolly good time over their victory. They were so drunk that they didn't know it snowed at all. We laid down, two of us together. We had an oil blanket and a wool one; we put the wool blanket next to us and the oil one on the outside.

We camped in a field where there had been Southern corn raised and they had to hill it up quite high, so it was up to our sides. Just after we laid down it started to rain, and it rained as hard as it could until about four o'clock in the morning. By this time the water was midside of us. Then it began to snow and snowed about four inches. By this time it was daylight. In the morning all that could be seen was a mass of snow and water.

The boys had set a cotton gin afire, and as many as could get to it got warm, but all I could get a chance for was to get

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a little warmth on my hand. The officers didn't get over their drunken row until about eleven o'clock; by this time they had a good breakfast and were ready to let us go on to the fleet. You know they have their cabins all guarded, and we were just as wet as a drowned rat.

The rebels we put aboard were four thousand five hundred; about thirty of them died by exposure to the cold. We went fifty miles down to the Mississippi. Then we stormed Napoleon with their batches, and we disembarked. Our captain was given quarters in an asylum. We stayed here until we got our clothes dried and got warm. We went out around the village and it was a very pretty place.

One poor fellow had been outside and had captured four chickens. We were detailed to hold a provost marshal. The guard put outside captured this fellow and took the chickens away from him and divided them between the officers. When the fellow told me he had the summer complaint so long, I was moved with sympathy and released him. I told him when he saw me marching with my back towards him he must take up two chickens and leave, so he did. The captain wanted to know, the next morning, where the two chickens had gone. I told him I didn't see them go. I supposed he had gone when I had my back towards him. That ended the chicken fuss.

We embarked again, and went down the Mississippi until we came where the Mississippi made a bend. There we tied up and a lot of boys jumped ashore before we could get the guard out. There was a Rebel plantation about a mile from where we landed, and the Rebels had about a thousand chickens, and our officers heard of it and stopped our fleet there. As fast as the boys came they would capture them and take the chickens

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from them. When Birch had the command of the brigade there was one fellow who filled up his bosom with birch; then the whole command shouted. Here we embarked again and sailed for Milligan's Bend. There were a hundred and twenty vessels. They went out just as an army would march. They had thirty bands of music. They commenced playing "Hail Columbia!" and it was the sweetest music I ever heard. This way we went until we got to Young's Point. The Rebels contested the march every step of the way. We marched until we came to the canal that Butler had dug. This was done to turn the Mississippi across the point and leave Vicksburg out in the cold. If they had put the mouth of the canal where they should it would have accomplished their purpose, but, instead, they put the mouth of the canal where the water was running out. Now, if they had put it about ten rods up the river they would have put it where the water was rushing against the bank; it would then have accomplished what they designed it should do. We worked in the water up to our waists and amused ourselves nights seeing the Rebels' shells bursting in the air, and, when we saw one coming, we would tell the boys to look out, for the Rebel's shells were coming.

The *Queen of the West* ran the batteries. We were three miles away from her when the firing took place and the whole earth shook like an earthquake. This was a very dark night and she stole along until we got by most of the batteries. We went down the next day to see the *Queen of the West*. She had her sides lashed with cotton bales, which protected her. She received only one shot that did her any harm. There I saw her attack the Warrington batteries. She fired one or two shots until they returned the shots, so as to see where they

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were located. In ten shots she silenced the Rebels' batteries. She went down the river and captured considerable. After a while the Rebels captured her.

Now General Grant had come. He rode up and down the ditch and said it was a ditch and always would be. So he set about to find some other way. He finally found a ten sawbion. This was filled with logs and flood wood all the way—eighty miles. I volunteered to him to go inside the Rebel lines. This was on the 13th day of February.

His headquarters then was on the *Magnolia* boat. He gave me a pass to go through the lines either day or night, and all officers were obliged to pass me. I went outside of our lines, which were several miles, but I didn't find any way to cross the river.

I learned there were not as many troops in Vicksburg as they thought there was. When I came back to our lines two soldiers took me prisoner. I showed them General Grant's pass, but they would not believe that it was his pass, so they took me prisoner to General Steele's headquarters. This was in a Rebel's house. He gave me a drink of whiskey and told me to report to General Grant. I reported to him and he was glad to get the report.

The next scouting I did was to go down to Mississippi opposite Vicksburg. I had a pair of field glasses that I had borrowed from one of the captains of our command, for the purpose of seeing what I could with them, and to see how their battery was located. I got along down opposite Vicksburg and had been there two or three hours spying around, and all at once they hove in sight. I happened to see them before they saw me. There was a big log right in front of me and I

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crawled in under it, and there I had to stay until pitch dark. They did not come any nearer to me than where I first saw them.

After dark I got into my boat again, and I found it a different job going up stream than it was coming down. I ran against the snags and all the flood wood. It was pitch dark while I was on the river.

I saw I couldn't go to Young's Point, so I went into a bay, and, when I got within a quarter of a mile of the shore, the boat hit a snag and upset and sank. All I had in my hand was a paddle.

My readers may judge what a time I must have had to be spilled out into the Mississippi River in the night. You see I had to swim and paddle myself to the shore the best I could. I came where there was a lot of floodwood which had gone into an eddy. There I climbed out on the floodwood and went across the floodwood to what should be the shore, but it was the length of my paddle of water.

Now I had to feel my way with the paddle. When I found the water deeper than the length of my paddle then I would go some other way. When I got to the levee where the guard should be posted they were not there and I didn't see any guard until I got right into camp. Then I was taken prisoner by the pompous Lieutenant Conway, and held until the next morning. Then I reported to General Grant and told him what I had seen and what I had heard. I heard the enemy's army was in camp three miles back of Vicksburg, and all their batteries had just enough men to man them, and that was all.

I proposed to him to take fifty men, and fifty horses. We had captured Rebel uniforms enough to dress them in cavalry

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dress. We had a boat below the *Queen of the West* that we could go over with.

I also proposed to have the men volunteer and they would have done it if they had been asked to do so, and I would have taken command of the squad. I would have crossed the river down below their cavalry, then come up along the river until I could have seen them. Then I would have told them that Yankees were crossing the river below and for them to go and notify their army as quick as possible.

We would have gone on, fifty of us, with a number of seven-shooters, and, when we had captured all their batteries, then we would put up a signal and the fleet would come down in a hurry, which would take them about fifteen minutes. This was a feasible plan and could have been carried out. It would have saved forty millions of dollars to the Government and ten thousand lives.

What was the reason that General Grant wouldn't do this? I think it was selfishness. He would not hear of any other plan for capturing Vicksburg only the plan he laid himself. I proposed to General Grant to go up the river four hundred miles to Memphis and come down in the rear of Vicksburg, through by land. He said my life was my own, and he gave me a pass to do what I was a mind to with it. He said if I got back alive he would give me two thousand dollars the minute I got back. He gave me a pass and transportation up the river to Memphis.

When I got to Memphis I reported to General Hulbert, and he gave me all the assistance I wanted. I stayed in Memphis about one week, enquiring all about the old settlers there. At

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the end of the week I had made up my mind just how I would go.

I took the name of Robert White. I learned here that the planters had to take out allegiance to the United States, before they could do any business. I represented myself to be a planter from Memphis, sent down by the planters of Memphis to see if the Rebellion was going to hold out or not.

The next morning I took the cars and went thirty miles; when I got through the lines into the Rebel country there was nothing, only myself and God. I had to be protected every step of the way by the Lord.

It happened that I came across a little boy about eight years old. Our army had been down there, and he followed them as cook for one of the officers.

They had gone on and left him, and he was taken sick. I don't think he would have ever reached his home if I hadn't taken charge of him. I had to lead him all the way until we reached his uncle, who lived beside the railroad.

We got there just at dark. I told him what capacity I was in, and I had run across the boy. I saw he was so weak that he would not be able to get home without assistance, so I took charge of him. His uncle placed full confidence in me. He treated me with the very best that was in the house. After supper he saddled three horses and gave me one to ride, and two of his sons took the other two horses and the little boy.

We had about two miles to go through the woods. When we arrived there his mother was so frightened it was a half hour before we could get her reconciled to know that it was her own people; but, when she realized that it was her own son, it took her a long time to thank me for his life.

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The next morning I went on my journey again. The lady gave me rations enough to last me three days and all the good wishes possible.

This day I met six rebels. I told them what my business was and they let me go. I went along three or four days, until I came to Water Valley. Here was the first Rebel authority. I told them in what capacity I was in, and got a pass from him to Gernada, to General Tillman, and transportation.

When I reported to General Tillman he was a brigadier-general. He gave me a pass to General Pellmanton. I had to travel about a hundred and fifty miles. Here I paid fifty cents for the hind legs of a squirrel.

There was a Southern soldier who came in company with me for two or three days, and had kept me in rations. He had no pass, although he was going back to his command. They took him prisoner and crowded him in a box car, while I rode in a coach.

When we reached Jackson, I reported to General Pellmanton, and got a pass to Vicksburg and transportation. When I arrived at Vicksburg I reported to the provost marshal. I showed him General Pellmanton's pass and asked him for a provost marshal's pass for four days. He took Pellmanton's pass, and turned it over and over. He was a Northern man and he wondered how I came to have such a pass. I told him that I asked General Pellmanton for it and he gave it to me. He then began to question me, saying, I was an able-bodied man, and he wanted to know what part of the command I wanted to go into. I told him not any.

He turned the pass over and I turned it back again, and asked him if that was General Pellmanton's pass, and I says to him,

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if you don't give me a pass to pass through Vicksburg and to last four days, I'll go back to where I got the first one. You just ought to have seen how quick he wrote me out the pass.

Now I went through Vicksburg four days, and paid ten dollars a day for board. The town laid on an incline plane. About half way down the town there was a line of intrenchments, and they set on an angle. There were about six intrenchments, this was made at the upper end of the town. The river turned nearly square around, so that they could fire right up the stream. From the bank there was about five batteries. There, of course, were lots of other batteries, but I'll not take time to describe them.

Vicksburg was the Gibraltar of the South. There are three ridges in the rear of Vicksburg, about three miles from the front of the river. This was not fortified, only a few forts where the road came in. They didn't think we could attack them from that side.

Now at this time I proposed to take Vicksburg. The army was in camp back here and only a few men left to guard the batteries, and no men in the rifle pits at all. Instead of having one hundred and twenty thousand, as we heard the report, they had just thirty thousand.

Vicksburg is made up of chalk hills, and their inhabitants were busy cutting caves, which they would cut in about five feet. Then they would sheer off either right or left, so as the shells couldn't kill everybody in the cave.

I looked across the river and saw our army lying at Young's Point, and I would have given the world if I could have gone across. The two thousand dollars that General Grant promised me didn't look larger than a scrap of paper. I had got all

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the information I needed. The next question was to get to General Grant to tell him. The cars had broken down, so I couldn't get back. Then I had to foot it forty-five miles to get back to Jackson. About midnight I came to Big Black River. This had two guards, one at each end and men marching back and forward in the middle. I showed them General Pellmanton's pass and they passed me. I got to Jackson and asked General Pellmanton to pass me to Gernada and he granted it.

Now the railroad was all torn up. There had been a freshet. While I was down there I got in company with a Missourian who had been to Jackson to visit his regiment and was returning back to run a grist mill. Some of the way we rode on an engine. It had one fellow to manage it, and his girl, that he kept up a continual flirtation with.

This Missourian hadn't had any word from home in two years. He found that I was going to Memphis, and he wanted me to take some letters for him. Now I believe the Missourian went back on me. We both reported to General Tillman. He gave the Missourian a pass to pass me to work, but to me he wouldn't give any pass. I went down by the river and got across on a ferry boat.

I commenced my fearful journey. And now I had no pass and I was liable to be taken by any man that would happen to see me. I asked God to protect me, and went on. That night I stayed with an old farmer. The next morning I went on again. I thought I would take the railroad.

I hadn't gone very far before I saw two fellows, pretending to be hunting squirrels. When I got up to them I says, "Good-morning." I asked them if they had found any squirrels, and they said no. As we went along they got each side of me, and

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pointed their rifles at me, and said I could consider myself a prisoner.

Now we weren't very far from Water Valley, and I thought, when I got there, I could get my release. I thought these men had just arrested me on their own account, but, when I got up to the station, I found they had received orders to arrest me from General Tillman. I stayed there that night and he went through the whole squad to find out who should guard me, and finally the sergeant had to do it himself.

The next day they put me aboard the cars and I went to Granada, and reported to General Tillman. He was dressed in a silk mantle, trimmed with gold lace from head to foot. I saw a picture of his headquarters before I went to war. There was a big, fat bull-dog with a big collar on his neck, and there was five or six lesser dogs, with small collars. Then there was a great lot of men that were just skeletons looking in, and the minute I saw his headquarters made me think of it.

There was a chair up close by him, which I sat down in. He said, "Did I tell you to sit down in that chair." "No, sir," said I, "the chair was empty, and I thought I would sit down in it." I stayed there about two hours, and he was so busy he never looked at me.

Then he told his guard to take me to prison again, and report again at eight o'clock.

Now, in this prison there was some of every kind. There was one very high-toned Southern fellow. He could use the bowie knife as handy as you could any knife. He determined that a little darkey should cook for him. The little fellow didn't care to do it. Then he took his bowie knife and went at him. I interfered and told him all that were in that prison

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were all alike, and he might as well cook for the little darkey as for the little fellow to cook for him. I said the day has gone by to use the bowie knife to make the darkey do as you want him to do. I say we are all alike in this prison. There hasn't one of us got authority over the other. He concluded then to be pacified.

The next morning they took me out of the prison and put me aboard the cars, and went about twenty miles, to Jackson, and took me off the car I was on and put me on the other car.

You may judge this ride was anything but pleasant. I thought General Tillman had received news that I was a Federal soldier. If he had I knew I had just time to live until I got to Gernada. I thought I saw the crowd gathering on the hill to kill me. If General Tillman had got any information that I was a Federal soldier I wouldn't have five minutes to live.

They took me to his headquarters and I had to stay in there about two hours. Then he told them to take me to prison again, and report to him the next morning at eight o'clock. The next day they put me aboard the cars again, and I went to Jackson. They took me and put me in prison. I was in this prison one month and all we had to eat was a pint of meal, ground up, cob and all, and about one-half pound of sugar.

This prison was located in the middle of the town, it had been an old paper office. We were up in the second story. I think there were about two hundred prisoners. They were in the third story above us; that was filled full. We had an armed soldier at every door. There were camped about three thousand men around the city. Every man that lived there had to show a pass every time he went into the street. The

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streets were paroled both day and night. There were sixteen prisoners in the room that I was in. They were, half of them, Southern soldiers and the other half Yankees. Taking me to be a Southerner, the way I was dressed in Southern clothes. The room that we were in was about ten feet square. There was a door at the middle of the room which had a guard with a loaded rifle and a fixed bayonet.

We had one Southerner who was an expert in breaking out of prison. He had a good many acquaintances; they smuggled in to him a small knife.

One of our soldiers had a jack-knife he managed to save, although they searched him very close. They took the jack-knife and opened it. They put the two edges together, and then, with the brick they pounded the jack-knife until they made the other knife rough like a saw.

I should have been in that prison until doomsday before I would have thought of that. They sawed off the bar in a few days. The way we managed to saw it off in front of the guard, and he not know anything about it was because some of us stood behind the one that was sawing, and the rest stood in front of the guard, and the Rebels commenced singing "Bonny Blue Flag" just as hard as they could yell it, and the Federals sang the "Red, White and Blue." This drowned the sound of the sawing, and it never attracted the guards. In this way we managed to saw off the bar, which took about seven or eight nights.

We laid a block of wood about ten or twelve feet from the door, thinking the guard would sit down on it some night and fall asleep. Then we would close the door and make our escape; but this chance never came.

We studied out many ingenious plans for an escape, but they

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all failed. The guard would search the windows thoroughly every morning. We made some putty out of ashes and puttied up the crack. Then we hung one of our coats over the bars. These were all preparations made for me. Once a week we had a chance to go to the Pearl River to take a bath. In going I laid out the road and thought, if I could ever get the chance to escape, I would go. The eaves of a livery stable came down even with the bottom of the windows of the prison. Then the next building was down about the length of a man, and so on, down one to another, until I reached the fence. Every street had a guard in it, and, when I got down to the last street, there was a ditch there as high as my head. At the end of the ditch there was a picket put there. These were all preparations made for my escape, when I had a good chance. While in the prison they brought into us two fellows with their flesh torn off by the Southern hounds. They had forty-five hounds trained, with men to go with them, to hunt prisoners. I had seen a little example of what they could do which impressed me very unfavorable.

There was a colored man that had a little pig which he sold for a hundred dollars. Every day or two they would take out a man and execute him.

There was one man that had committed the unpardonable sin. You couldn't speak of anything in praise of the Lord without it would make him mad. He had killed two or three people. He had once preached the gospel. Then he turned and said it was a lie. In this act he committed the unpardonable sin.

He was taken out and executed while I was there. A squad of us was let out every day, and they would go to the two-acre

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lot for sugar and fill as many haversacks as they could carry. This helped out with our rations very much.

One Saturday they came in to take out some men to execute them, and the head man said if I had anything to say I must say it before Monday; for Monday, at ten o'clock, they would execute me.

I told him I hadn't had any trial yet. He said the like of me didn't need any trial. He said that they had heard that I had been all over the country, and that I was a spy. I told them that they couldn't execute a better man.

I reviewed my experience in the South and I thought they were all wrong. I went down with the determination of conquering them. I saw that I had gained the information I wanted for Grant, and had got within thirty miles of our lines.

Now I couldn't solve the case at all. I went, God being with me every step. He being all powerful should allow me to be arrested and taken to prison and shot as a spy. So I left it in this way. If they were right I was willing to be executed, but if they were wrong to furnish me with some way of escape that night, and I would know ever after, that I was fighting on the right side.

We laid down, as usual, and about midnight I awoke. I slept next to the window. There was no glass or sash in the window. In case we wanted to get up we had to hollo to the guard first and tell him what he wanted. I spoke to him and he gave me no answer. Just then there came a flash of lightning and revealed to me the circumstances. Two slept behind the door, so as to keep the door as near shut as they could. I saw that the guard had left his post, and probably he went into the hall where we had fixed a place for himself. The prepara-

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tions had been made for us all to escape, but I saw if we all tried to escape three or four of us would get shot and not one get away. But the question was to pull over the iron bar. It was a piece of round iron, three-quarters of an inch thick. I had a little more than a foot of purchase to work on. One thing notable was that they were all asleep. At this time which I never knew to have occurred before I considered this way of escape was for me, and no one else, so I went up, took hold of the iron and, to my astonishment, it bent as easy as a tarred rope. I could just squeeze through edgeways. The rain was falling in torrents and not another flash of lightning came until I was outside of the city. I climbed up the roof to the top, then down on the other side. Here I found another building that I could just reach down to, when I came to another one that I could just reach, and so on down to the fence. Then I easily reached the ground.

I then crawled through several streets until I reached the outside of the city. Here I found one of those ditches, which was over my head. I went down until I came to the Pearl river. The guard that should have been at the foot of the ditch had left his post and gone up where they had a sibley tent.

By this time I was out of immediate danger. The town clock had just struck one o'clock. Now it had begun to thunder and lightning, and continued for a half hour. All this time I had held a council of war with myself and had made up my mind what I should do.

I first thought of hiding myself in the cypress swamp, but I thought of their dogs, so I gave that plan up. I took my fearless journey, and put myself in the hands of God to protect me. The first thing I came to now was a large creek. Where

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I stopped there was a tree which had fallen across it. There was about a foot of water running over the tree, so I had to feel my way as carefully as I could to get across it.

I got one foot entangled in the limbs some way or another and I could not get it loose for some time. When I did it pulled off my shoe and stocking, and hurt my foot very badly. The other shoe and stocking I lost in my climb over the buildings.

Now I circled around the town for I knew where the pickets were stationed. I got on the railroad track. The ties were a little more than three feet apart, so I jumped from one to the other as fast as I could, and, as the day began to dawn, I got up on the rail fence, and along five or six rods and jumped just as far as I could into a swamp.

I was then twenty-one miles from Jackson. I went a little way along and found a grape vine which had grown up over a pile of brush. I crawled in under the vine and wove in sticks until I made it so I couldn't be seen. I was wet through and it turned off cold, which made me shiver all day long. About eight o'clock the dogs began to howl, and I supposed they were the dogs they had at Jackson, and I felt as though my heart was in my throat all day. It turned out to be just the neighbor's dogs.

These dogs will not hurt anybody unless they are set on your track. There was about thirty of them and they kept up a continual howl all day. I said to myself, I am enduring it all for my country. I stayed there until about ten o'clock and it had cleared off and the moon shone brightly. I crept out of my cover and listened a few minutes to see if I could hear anybody. I then went to the road and, just before I got there, I

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heard the rattling of sabres, so I quickly hid behind a tree. I saw they were not attracted by me.

By their conversation I found out they were not on my track. It seems that they were two officers who had been sparking. After they had been talking a few minutes they separated and one went one way and one the other.

I then went out to the railroad and stood to see if I could hear anything, but I could not, so then I went on. The roads in the South are not like they are in the North. They allow the brush to grow right by the edge of the track. Three or four times I had been fooled by these. Every time I had to put my ear on the rail to listen to see if there was any vibration, so as to tell if there was anyone coming.

I came up again, and saw three more of these, and did as I had before, when, all at once I heard a crowbar fall on the track, and there was no mistake this time for there was someone there.

The thing for me to do was to hide away from them. This I did. I found a dry ditch which went on an angle off into the fields. It was over my head in depth. When I got sufficient distance from the railroad to be out of danger, I stood there and fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but, when I awoke, there was a man about ten feet from me. He sank down so slow that you could scarcely see him go. I supposed he was another fellow that was trying to escape, and the quicksand was carrying him down. I got out of the ditch as soon as I could. When I went back to the railroad the men that were repairing the tracks had gone, and I went on without molestation until daylight.

Then I found a thorn hedge which was so thick that, when

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you once got into it a little ways, you couldn't be seen. There I laid all day long, and felt as though I was dying. My eyes were nearly closed from weakness. Every hair on my head felt as big as my finger, and my legs were drawing up, and I could not stretch them out. I knew if I didn't get something to eat soon I would not live many hours. My readers may judge what a condition I was in. I had been without food for two days and two nights, and, having very poor and scanty food in the prison, left me in a poor state. I had been two days and nights without any sleep and with the terrible strain on my mind of escaping.

There had been a colored man driving an ox team back and forth on the opposite side from me. I laid all day, dreading to put my life in the colored man's hands to ask him for something to eat. By this time my ankle was all swollen up, so I knew I must either put my life in his hands or die. I crept out from my hiding place and called to him.

He told me that his old mistress would feed the soldiers, and showed me where they lived. I went there and, after being questioned as to who I was, where I came from and to where I was bound. Then, being satisfied, she called to the servant to cook all the food I wanted, but all she had to cook was to bake hoe cake, which was done by scraping the ashes from under the fire and putting the dough into patties.

She would lay them on the hearth and then cover them over with hot coals until they were baked. I ate a number of these with milk. She also fried some bacon, and I tell you it was good, what there was of it. The good woman cooked enough for me to take along to last me for three or four days. Then

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she gave me a pair of shoes, and they were appreciated, as the reader will remember I had lost mine.

My condition being so weak, after leaving the house and going out in the open air, I became violently sick, so my hearty meal didn't do me much good.

Now I went into a swamp and, after traveling a little ways into the swamp, I came to where two trees laid quite close together. I took some limbs and made a cover, and then I took leaves and stopped up the ends and put enough on top to make it perfectly safe, for, by this time, my ankle had swollen up three times its natural size and had turned black nearly up to my knee. So I had fixed this place to rest until my ankle had got better. I could hear a little creek running near by. My ankle pained me so I thought I would go down and put my foot in the water. I kept bathing my knee, and repeated this for a number of times that night, and by morning I noticed the swelling had greatly decreased. I kept repeating this bath for a few days. I sat on the bank half of the time and the other half of my time was in the little secluded inn which I had built. By this time my leg had got better, the swelling had all gone down and the black all disappeared and my rations pretty well exhausted.

The next night I took up my march again and now I dare not go on the railroad any longer. I had to keep within hearing of the whistle.

The next morning I came to a plantation where there were about forty slaves working. Every time I would start to go to speak to them the spirit would seem to say to me. don't go, and I didn't go, for I don't think they could have been trusted. About nine p. m. I started on my journey, until I came to a

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big swamp, and, in the middle of it, there I saw two wild-cats fighting. I went within a few rods of them, but they were so busy with their fighting that they never heard or saw me. I tramped on until daylight. Then I came to a place where trees had been girdled. Someone had taken the limbs and made a fire with them. I laid down by the side of one of these heaps until daylight. Just at break of day I saw a colored man crouch around not very far from me.

I got up and went to him. I saw he could be trusted, so I told him the capacity I was in, and a more pleased man you never saw. He jumped right up and down. He was an old slave, and had been a great many years. From him I learned that the Southerners had lied to the negroes, telling them that in every battle they had killed every Northerner there was; but I told him it was to the contrary. I told him he would soon see this country covered with Northern men. He says, "Laws me, when that happens the good Lord may take me." He was so pleased to have his children freed. He couldn't stay any longer and talk with me for he must go with the mules to his mistress, so she could go to the mill.

I waited for a while and I saw a little darky peeping through the bushes to see if he could see me, and I holloed and told him that I was the man he was looking for. He brought me a great pail filled with Johnny cake and bacon—enough to stand me four or five days. From here I started on again until I come to a thick swamp, so I thought this a good place for me to hide.

The next night I started again and went on a piece. When I heard the cavalry men coming again I jumped out of the path I was in and hid behind a log.

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After they had passed I jumped up and attracted the attention of some dogs that laid behind some other logs. They set up such a howl that it was nearly deafening, and pretty soon the dogs were answered by howls from a dozen other plantations, so I started and ran as fast as I could for a while, then I climbed up a tree and here I stayed for an hour or so, until the dogs got quiet.

Then down I climbed and went on my journey until daylight. Then I hid myself in a thicket near a plantation. Here I learned what slave labor was worth. They had about sixty slaves and a driver. They were in full operation, just as they always had been.

They were moving a rail fence across a ten-acre lot. Now if the rails was of any size it would take two strapping negroes to carry one rail. If the rail broke in two that would be all they would carry—the one little end. They would walk as slow as a man with the palsy. When the driver snapped his whip they would step a little faster for a few minutes.

I could have moved more fence with ten good white men than they could with sixty, and it would cost more to feed and clothe the sixty negroes than it would cost to pay the ten white men, so I said I couldn't see what they were fighting for.

I went on my travel and nothing occurred worth notice, but the next morning I turned up near another plantation. Here I lay and saw negroes work again. The first thing I came to was a small village. As I came in the village I asked a lady if there was any place where one could get something to eat, for I began to feel pretty hungry by this time. She pointed to a house down the street.

I went there, and, to my astonishment, a Rebel lieutenant

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opened the door instead of a negro. His wife was the longest while cooking a meal of anyone I ever saw. She had nothing to cook but some hoe cake and make a cup of coffee out of sassafras and fried a little bacon, as they thought bacon was something wonderful.

I would have given the world if I had never gone in the place, for, as soon as I sat down, he began to question me. I told him I had been on duty in Jackson, and told him the name of my colonel and captain and that I had a leave of absence for ten days to get my family inside of the Rebel lines. Well, this seemed to satisfy him for the time being. Every once in a while he would look up at the rifle, which hung up on the wall, but, every time he looked at the rifle, I would look at him with such determination in my heart to get the rifle first that he concluded best not to touch me.

Here he laid a plan to catch me. He said it was a good ways further to go through the woods than it was to go on the railroad track, so he said he would show me where it was. He pointed across to where there was a small patch of woods, so I started on, but felt suspicious of him all the way.

As soon as I started he sneaked into the house and got the rifle. Then he went to the top of the hill where he could see down to the bush, but I dare not turn around, yet I knew he had the rifle. He watched me until I got out of sight into the bush. Now, in the woods there was a large creek running through, and there was a picket post stationed there, and he thought he had me sure, for he didn't suppose I knew where the picket was, but I did, for I had been through on that railroad twice before, and as soon as I got out of sight of him I then went a little ways further in the woods until I came to a good hiding

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place. I stayed there until night, and then took up my journey once more and traveled two days. Then I struck a plantation. Here I found two colored girls alone. They made me tell who I was. I told them what I wanted, and, when they got the meal half cooked one of them halloed out the old mistress is coming, and there was a big heap of cotton in one corner of the room which they hurried me to and covered me up in it so I couldn't be seen.

The old mistress came in the house to see what they were up to, but they had hidden me. But they cooked my food all right, and enough to last two or three days. The old mistress didn't stay but two or three minutes. Then I crawled out, packed up my rations, which, of course, was hoe cake, and then hustled on until I found a good place to hide through the day.

The next morning it was cold and I saw on one of the side hills a snake coiled up which I think must have been eighteen feet long. He had his head about three feet high and his forked tongue must have been six inches long. It was pretty cold and I think he must have felt lazy for he didn't seem to have spunk enough to follow me, and I was very glad he didn't. I went on further and found a good hiding place, where I hid for the day.

In this stay there was three deers came very near to me before they saw me. They looked at me for a second and then wheeled and did some of the keenest running I ever saw. The vultures and birds of prey had gathered from all parts of the earth to the South, because of so many dead bodies that were not buried, and they ate them up. There would be great flocks of them flying over me and looking down to see if I was dead or alive, and sometimes I would have to throw up my

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hands to keep them from lighting on me. In this way the day passed off.

I could always tell whether there were many plantations around me or not, for about sundown the negroes would commence to call their pigs in for the night, and every negro would seem to have a different call and the hogs would seem to know it. The hogs were let out day times to dig roots to live on, and they would seem to get fat on them. After three days more I was hungry again and went, as usual, to another plantation. I called to the hut and found the negroes there. They said I must tell them who I was. I did, and then got them to cook something for me. They gave me enough to last a few days.

The master was not up yet when I called there and the dogs were asleep, yet the negro showed me his master's plantation. It was about a half mile from where we were. All the while they were getting me something to eat. They was singing hymns and grinding corn. You must remember their rations were issued to them but once a week and that pretty scanty too. Now what they gave away they would have to go short for themselves.

When I got my rations and got to a safe place I stayed for the day. In the evening I had to take up my journey, as usual, and, after going three nights, I stopped and climbed up into a hay loft.

I heard them get out the slaves to go on the plantation to work, and, after I thought they had gone out of hearing, I would crawl down and go on again, but just as I got ready to go I heard somebody climbing up the ladder, and it turned out to be a woman, and a more frightened woman there never was. It was a long time before I could pacify her to tell her

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who I was. When she came to her senses enough to know who I was, then I told her that I was a Confederate soldier going after my family to get them inside the Confederate lines. When she found out then she invited me to the house to have something to eat.

It turned out that this lady was a Confederate lieutenant's wife, and her husband was in the Virginia Army. It was about the time General Joe Hooker took command of the Potomac Army. She said, "I hear they have a fighting general at the head of the Potomac Army, and I am very much afraid my husband will get shot."

After receiving something to eat, and some food to take along with me, I left, and on my way it came on a terrible rain, thunder and lightning storm. I climbed upon a cotton gin near a piece of woods. I never saw rain fall so heavily as it did. The lightning struck a tree and threw the splinters all over my cotton gin, and balls of electricity about the size of my fist came dancing on the cotton gin.

There was a Rebel plantation in sight of me, but I did not dare to go near it. Then daylight came, and I went into the woods and stayed that day. The next night I marched all night on the road; and after daylight I came out by the Tallahassee River. Where I came to it there was a boat fastened by a chain and padlock. The river looked too formidable for me to swim.

There were some little negro huts about a quarter of a mile off. I went up to one and knocked at the door. I found a colored woman, just as I had thought, but when I asked her if there was any man that could take me across the river she said old master can do it. He is somewhere around the farm.

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I would have rather been struck by lightning than to have heard it. To think I was such a fool, to get so near our lines and then get captured. I told the old woman, just as natural as I could, and that I would go and look for him; but I hadn't got half way down to the river before I saw him coming with his rifle. He marched up towards me until about five paces, and he ordered me to halt, and came up to me and put the muzzle of the rifle within about four inches of my heart.

The rifle was already cocked, and he trembled like a popple leaf. Then he asked me who I was. I told him I was a Confederate soldier on leave of absence to get my family in the Confederate lines.

He says I have taken a vow to shoot every man I see straggling through these woods. I told him he hadn't better keep the vow, for he might shoot a better man than himself. Well, what shall I do with you, then? he said. I said put me across the river, and let me go on my journey. No, I won't, he said. I'll take you up to some Confederate cavalry. You can, said I, but if there was any good praying ever done it was done by me.

He got out his charger and mounted, and put the muzzle of his rifle at the back of my head. There, said he, you can forward, march, stranger. When we got in sight of the cavalry he yelled, just as hard as he could, I have a prisoner for you, captain. When we got up there I saw the captain was an old man, and so was the rest of the command. When he came up he surrendered me to the captain in great agony.

The captain questioned me as to who I was. I told him I was a Confederate soldier on leave of absence to get my family in the Confederate lines, and the fellow who took me up there

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spoke up and said, you didn't tell me so. Now, says I, what did you want to tell that lie to get me into trouble for? You know I told you the very same words.

Then the captain of the cavalry said, we don't need you any longer. He said, well, then, I will leave the prisoner in your charge. I will assume all responsibility. I said to him before he went, if you had been down at Jackson, where I have been, you wouldn't have had the chance to have taken me a prisoner.

The captain of the cavalry said, if you had gone across there you would have got into a nest of Yankees, for we saw a lot of them yesterday. Then he gave me a pass to his brother to put me across the river. I went up there and received the pass and went across. It would seem impossible almost, after being in such peril, that I should be delivered so soon. About two hours was all the time I was held in jeopardy; but the Lord can do things quick for them that trust in Him fully.

My next experience was with two dogs. They attacked me at Halley Springs, and Vandorren's cavalry had burnt up the American stores for the capture of Vicksburg. Where they had burned up so many cars there was a piece of iron about three feet long. With this I managed to give one of them a welt which laid him out for all time. The other, seeing what had happened to his mate, took flight, yelling at every step. This aroused the neighbors, and all came running out with their lanterns to see what had happened, but I didn't wait a moment, but ran on as fast as my legs would carry me until daylight. Then I climbed a tree in the woods, and stayed that day.

The next night I reached our lines a little before daybreak. The pass I had from Grant I found. So, as soon as daylight

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came, I went into camp, and there was about fifty who gathered around me with loaded rifles. I told them if there was a Rebel it was only one, and that they need not make such a fuss in taking one prisoner, and that I was as good a Union man as they were. Well, said the captain, you have no pass, and you have rebel clothes on, and I don't feed no d——d rebel.

I'll detail a guard and put you aboard the cars, and send you to Memphis as a prisoner.

Now I had thirty miles to go on the cars. When I got there it was just sundown. They were going to put me in the Rebel prison, but I objected, and finally prevailed on them to take me to General Hulbert's headquarters. When I got there he saw who it was, and discharged the guard very soon, and I never was so happy in all my life. I gave them the account of what I had seen at Vicksburg and round about it. He said it would be worth everything to Grant.

The next day he gave me money to get me a new suit of clothes and transportation on down the river four hundred miles, and told me to report to General Grant as quick as possible. When I got down to Young's Point I stayed there to visit my regiment for the night.

Then I had eighty miles to go down to the Tensawbio; our army was scattered all through the full length of it, and I had to foot it eighty miles, and the largest part of the way was mud knee deep. I reached General Grant's headquarters. He was on a gunboat as topographical engineer.

He took the lay of all the ports and trenches of Vicksburg. When he got through General Grant gave me a hundred dollar bill, and he said he would give me the rest when he got more money sent to him. The gunboat that Grant was on was

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engaged in fighting the batteries off Fort Gibson. He said I hadn't better go back to my regiment again; so he gave me a furlough for two months, and transportation to Chicago.

Then I had to walk eighty miles before I could get a boat. I then took a boat and went up the river. When we had been on two or three days, one morning we discovered a girl on the bank of the river, and some of the fellows called to her, and she turned around and made a very insulting salute. As we sailed on we had a salute in earnest—with the enemy's batteries. They threw a hundred pounds of shot through our smokestack, and carrying a fellow's boots with it. They fired five shots at us, but didn't kill any of us. There was nothing of any interest happened until I got in Helena. There we stopped, and thought we would have to fight, but they finally drove the enemy off without having to fight. From here we went on to Cairo, Illinois. Here I took the cars to Chicago—three hundred miles. The first place we stopped after leaving Cairo was when they stopped for something to eat. The water here was as clear as crystal. It was the first clear water I had seen since I left the North, and I never knew the value of good water before. Then we didn't stop again until we reached Chicago. Then I went around to visit my friends for a few days; and all the time I lay in the woods, after escaping from prison, the spirit said to me, tell how the boys are used in the army. They had a great many friends in Chicago. Two-thirds of the regiment was made up there. I hired Brian Hall and paid \$30 for it. My advertisement cost \$8. I advertised that a soldier had just returned from the war and would lecture there that night. I also paid \$5 for music. You see, I meant to fill the hall, and I did to overflowing.

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There were a good many tears shed when I told the story of how the boys were treated by their officers. After the lecture a great many came up to me, and wanted to know how their boys were getting along.

Although the lecture was free I received almost enough to clear my expenses. I knew well what I had done; I had laid myself liable to be sent to one of the forts in Florida, where they would send anyone who would berate the officers. But the spirit said for me to go ahead, which I did.

The *Chicago Tribune* had a long editorial on the soldier's speech. He said the private of Company G, of the 113th Illinois Regiment, didn't find feather beds down South to sleep on, so he was tired of soldiering. I wasn't sick of soldiering at all, for I knew the fare I would get before I started. I was sick of being commanded by a whiskey bottle. They sent down the *Chicago Tribune* to all the regiments at Vicksburg. They had all the troops drawn in line, and read the papers to them.

I gave five or six lectures on the war during my stay in Chicago. From there I went to Washington, D. C. Grant told me I could go and report to Abraham Lincoln of what I saw.

After being there a few days I was able to see the President. I waited my turn to go in and see him. When I got in there he welcomed me very warmly.

I showed him my pass from General Grant. He had never seen Grant yet, and he wanted to know who wrote the pass. I told him General Grant's adjutant. Well, said he, I would discharge him at once, and he reminds me of a man in Minnesota who went out after a snow storm, and his coat tail was so long that it wiped out all his tracks. I told him what I had seen,

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and he said he would have it attended to at once. He saw by my pass that I had been a scout for General Grant. So he inquired all about what I had seen. While we were talking there was a brigadier-general who came in, bowing and scraping, to the President. He said his command was very much demoralized out on the front. Lincoln said, I presume they are very much demoralized, as all the Potomac Army is. Well, said the general, I think it would be a good idea to bring them back to the rear, and put them on guard duty. Said Abe, I used to be a half-way lawyer up in Illinois. We had a horse case, and the horse was so poor that they couldn't decide what he was worth, so they put him out to pasture for a few days, until he got a little flesh on him, so they could see what he was worth, and then the horse up and died. So, general, I think you had better keep your command out on the front where they are, for I am afraid they would turn out as the horse did. So I think you had better keep them out on the front.

Abe knew well enough what he wanted, for if he had his brigade in on guard duty he would spend his time in Willard Hotel playing cards. If ever you seen a fellow sneak out of a place it was this officer. He went out like a spaniel dog.

The President saw by my papers that I had been outside of our lines, and had seen a great deal of waste cotton. I proposed to him to gather it. He said I had better go to Secretary Chase and get a contract to gather it. He wrote me out one. I was to gather the cotton and take it on the banks of the Mississippi, where the boats could take it. He said he would give me half the money that the cotton brought when sold. The Government was to deliver it to Louisville, Ken-

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tucky. I was to have any boat that was in the Government's employ to get it.

I stayed around Washington a few days. I delivered a lecture, in the meantime, on the prospects of the war. When I got through my speech there was a lady who came up to me and said, you are needed in New York, for they were having such riots there. I told her I could not possibly go, as I had other engagements.

Now I started on my journey for Chicago. I stayed there one day and night. Then I took the cars for Cairo. From here I took the boat to Vicksburg. When I arrived there I stopped with my regiment that night, and this was the last I ever saw of my regiment.

They told me not to show myself to any officer, for they had read in the papers the lecture I had given in Chicago berating the officers, and they were afraid I would be judged in a hurry. But what suited me most was to hear that the officers had treated the boys so well ever since they had read the account in the papers. I knew none of the letters the boys would send out, if they had anything in them about the way they were being treated, they would never go. But the officers found out I was one that dare go North and expose them.

Then I went to General Grant, as my furlough had expired. I showed him my contract from Washington, which I had, in regard to the cotton. He said he could not furnish soldiers to guard me, and I suppose he thought I couldn't get any. He said all the cotton I could get to the river without a guard would be all right.

I went out to Young's Point. There we had a camp of refugee negroes, and when they came to our lines they would most

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always fetch a horse and cart. So I engaged about one hundred of them to go with me. At seven o'clock they would be ready to start.

The next morning, when I went, there were only three ready to go. We had to cross a long crossway that we had made when the water was high, and there was a big rattlesnake on nearly every log we came to, and the negroes would yell, "Massie, massie, here is a moga," for they were so afraid of the snake, and in this way I got in about two thousand dollars' worth of cotton.

I thought I would have it shipped up to Louisville, and would gather more. I had to show my contract to the master of transportation. He was a lieutenant, and said he couldn't see how a soldier could get such a contract as that. He said he wanted to copy it, so if I would leave it with him a few hours he would have it copied.

I called in a few hours later and it was not copied yet. Then he said to call next day. I did so. He said he had lost it. So there I was, helpless, without any money and contract gone, that was worth thousands of dollars to me, just by being foolish and letting an officer take my papers.

General Grant issued an order that no boat should charge more than fifty cents to any soldier. We went along for a few days all right, but Juber couldn't stand it. So he undertook to detail a guard.

I saw what he was up to, and some of the rest of the soldiers saw it, too. A private, when he is furloughed, is the same as a citizen, except when an enemy should attack us. Then he would be obliged to obey orders. When Juber found out that the soldiers wouldn't stand guard he threatened to put them

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in arms, and when he got them to Helena he would put them ashore and have them put in prison.

I was dressed in citizen's clothers, and he didn't know that I was a soldier. I took a chair and got up by the side of him, said he, I am a colonel of the Eighteenth Kentucky Regiment. and I said, I see by your straps that you are a colonel. Yes, I said to him again, were you always a colonel? Oh, no, said he, I used to sell whiskey. My father was a hotel keeper.

I said, do any of the boys come in and drink with you? He said nearly all of them. I said, did you know any difference between them and yourself? He said he thought they were all alike.

Now, said I, who made you colonel? Did the Government? No, he said, the boys voted me in. I says to him, do you suppose that when you got the straps on your shoulders that it would make any difference in your blood?

I said there was a fellow that was always bragging about his blood. He belonged to a blooded family in England, and all he did in this country was to gamble. There was another fellow, a blacksmith, who didn't claim any blood at all. They took a drop of blood from each other's veins and analyzed it, and couldn't find a particle of difference in it.

I said, if you take a drop of your blood, or any of your men, and analyze it, you wouldn't find any difference, either. This Juber and the rest of the officers went into the cook room, where all the negroes were cooking right in the month of July, when the sweat was running off their faces in a stream, and they paid a dollar for each meal all the way going up the river rather than to eat with the soldiers in the cabin and pay fifty cents a meal. How is that for high?

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Going up the river the next day the first we knew there came a volley from across the levee, and, strange to say, the boat was filled with soldiers to its utmost capacity, and fired two hundred shots on us and never wounded a man.

If I hadn't changed my position just as I did, they would have shot me through and through. I was sitting on the outside rail of the boat as a bullet struck the cabin, just in range of where I was. The enemy received a few hundred shots from our boat in double-quick time. In the lieutenant's room was about six demijohns of whisky that a fellow had brought from Kentucky. He had just such a contract to gather cotton as I had, but I always thought those demijohns were the means of my contract being stolen.

I went up to Cincinnati. After a few days I was hired by the Republican Club to go and lecture all over Ohio, in company with another man. He would always lecture first, and then I would take the stand. He lectured on statistics and I on the war. When he got them all drowsy he would give the floor to me, and it would be about ten minutes before I would get them all awake and have them all clapping their hands and cheering as loud as they could yell it.

I would tell them if they wanted the State of Ohio to look like Mississippi they should all vote for Van Laningham, and you will see all of your beautiful little villages look like nothing but smokestacks. Ohio is not able to buck against the United States.

I said to them, now you think Van Laningham can call back all of the Ohio troops. I'll disabuse you of that thought. When they are mustered in the United States service, and if they come back at all, they will come back to destroy your

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houses and everything you have. A soldier knows nothing but to obey. If he was told to burn his father's house he would have to do it.

I told them I hoped when I came to that village again they would be just returning home from a funeral, and it would be the last secessionist there was. Then I said, vote for Buff for Governor and you will soon see the war come to an end.

I have been South and know how they feel over matters. If the North presents a unit against them they will soon give up.

I had the last paper that was printed in Vicksburg, and sold it in Cincinnati for twenty-five cents a piece. It was printed on wall paper and only on one side.

I went to work in a shop where they made bridles for the Government. There were about two hundred men working there, and about ten of them were Republicans. The next night I lectured down at the river. There were three or four hundred Irishmen there, with their wives, armed with sticks and stones and everything else.

The man that was to lecture there dare not get up. He was afraid of the crowd. So they asked me if I would give them a speech, which I did. I asked them how they supposed Cincinnati was built. I says the rich wouldn't carry the hod, and if there had been no laborers there the city wouldn't have been built. You know the laborer has as much as he can do to look out for his back and belly. He never could have brought the bricks there and built the buildings and waited until they were rented before he got his pay. So you see it is necessary for labor and capital to work together.

Then, said I, if the South beats, as you all want it to, they

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will come from Kentucky over into Ohio, and their masters will hire them out for fifty cents per day, and then you will have to take Biddy and all the young ones and go back to Ireland.

The Republicans came to me after the lecture and said they thought it wouldn't be safe for me to go home alone without guards, for, they said, three or four roughs might follow you and waylay you. I told them they need not trouble themselves about a guard, and that I would look out for myself.

As I went on my way I could hear them say the speaker spoke just right, for the negroes might come and take our work. One Saturday, after the shop was cleaned up, they all wanted me to give them a lecture, and every one had a smile on their face, thinking what fun they were going to have with me.

The Republicans came to me and said I hadn't better lecture, for it would be worth more than my life to lecture to them. I told them not to fear; I would take care of myself, and I got up on the bench and went at it. I said all that was in favor of the lecture will keep order, and all hands went up.

Said I, you say that Jeff Davis is right, and that he is a smarter man than Abraham Lincoln. If the South has any friends at all now is the time it needs them. You pretend to be a friend to the South, and you are making bridles here every day to help conquer it with, as you know every bridle you make is doing so much towards conquering the South.

If I felt as you do I wouldn't be here twenty-four hours before I would be with them. I feel as though the South ought to be conquered, and I shall do everything I can to help con-

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quer them. I said you haven't a drop of patriotism in your blood. You are a set of cowardly dogs.

For the sake of money you will stay here and work, and let your friends die, and if I met one of you in the army I would shoot you quicker than I would a Rebel. If you were men you would go South and fight until you died in the last ditch. What opinion do you think your friends have of you in the South. You are making things to destroy them with, and telling them you are their friends.

There was as many outside the building that heard me lecture as there was in, and the building was four stories high. Among the crowd outside were the bosses that we were working for. They said the lecture was worth fifty dollars to them.

At the dinner table were two young fellows, who said the North could never whip the South, and that Old Virginia blood could never be conquered. Then I told them perhaps they would like to know what the blood of Virginia was. England first settled it, and her Queen was a virgin, and Virginia was named for her.

All the fellows that didn't do crime enough to get a rope to hang them with were sent to Virginia. The ropes in those days were held at very high prices.

When the colony got very large they wanted women for wives. They didn't all want to take squaws for wives; so they would gather up the bad women in London and send them over. A good looking one could be bought for a hundred pounds of tobacco, and the more inferior ones would fetch from thirty-five to forty pounds. The tobacco paid the captain for bringing them over, and I asked them if they thought they had anything to boast of for their Virginia blood, and they both

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got up and shook their fists in my face and said it was a lie.

There happened to be some old men at the table who had read the history of Virginia, and they said, boys, you can't deny it; this set the whole company in an uproar, and the two fellows were so very mad.

I met an old man from Boston, and he had about \$200. He wanted to go in business, so we hired a store on Sixth Street, Cincinnati, and started a trunk and carpet bag business. He was just running down with consumption. We slept in the store. This way we continued until spring. He would have me to get him a half pint of whiskey every day, and that would cause him to lay in a stupor most of the time. My friends advised me to take him to the hospital; so I took him to St. John's Hospital. He had a gold watch in his pocket, and he said if he died I should send it to his daughter, who lived in Boston.

He lived about two days after I took him to the hospital. He didn't want to part with his watch until he died. The hospital was said to be free, and after he died I went there and the watch wasn't on his person. I asked them where it was. They said he didn't have any on his person when he came there, so they called one of the nurses that was with him when he died, and she said she didn't see anything of a watch.

I said, well, if you don't find that watch in twenty-four hours, I will have you arrested for stealing. So, before the twenty-four hours were up, the watch had been found. They told me at the hospital when I took the man there the cost would be \$10, but before I got settled up with them it cost me \$75. So much for a Catholic free hospital. I held the body for two or

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three days, and wrote to his daughters to come, but they never came. So he was buried in the potter's field.

Then I sent the watch to the daughters, as was his request. About ten days after there was \$200 came to him by express from his son, who was a lieutenant in the army. I took the package and expressed it back to where it came from. I wrote him a letter telling him of his father's death and where he was buried, and then settled up the company concern.

When I got settled up with the business then I went to Cleveland, Ohio. I got a job of being foreman in a lumber yard among a very lazy lot of men. I hurried them along as fast as I could without their getting mad, and one night, when I was walking on the street, the first thing I knew there was some one who came along with a stone in his hand and gave me a knock with it right in my mouth, and said, take that for hurrying us men along in the lumber yard. It knocked out two of my teeth, and it was a long time before I was able to eat a square meal, so I gave up the lumber business.

I stopped at a hotel, and went to bed, but the bed bugs soon took possession of the bed, so I took a quilt and thought I would try the floor, but they found me there, so I left and went to a nearby lumber yard, and got on top of a pile of boards, and there I made out to sleep the rest of the night.

Then I went to work for a harness maker, stitching on artillery traces. I stayed here with this man nearly a month. Then I went to Ohio Heights, and went to work there for a harness maker, and worked for him three or four weeks. From here I went back into the middle of the State. I got a job there, and worked for a short time.

I was out on a furlough during all this time, and was try-

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ing to earn a little spending money. I have just received orders to go back to the army, and now we start for Cleveland. Here we stayed for a considerable time waiting to get enough drafted men to fill up the regiment. They made four drafts while there, and got about forty men. They would draft about double the amount of men that was needed each time.

When they came to be examined all that were farmers and had money would pay a certain amount and get clear from going to war. Finally, after a while, they got their men, and all who were poor and had no money to pay got a chance to go

Then we took the cars to Cincinnati, and from here to Louisville, Kentucky. Here they made a Christmas dinner for us. We thought it was going to be turkey, such as we have when we give Christmas dinners, but, instead, it was rye bread and potatoes with their skins on, and coffee. This was the Christmas dinner for the soldiers.

Now we take a car for Nashville, and went by Fort Donnellson, where Grant had captured 3,000 Rebels. The first thing that attracted me to Grant was his answer to the commander, who was arguing to have some conditions of surrender. Grant said if they don't make an unconditional surrender I will move on all your works at daylight. It is needless to say that he surrendered right off.

The next day we put up at the Solly Coffee House. This was a very large hotel, built for a pleasure house. We put up in the basement of it, and used the rear part for our knapsacks and bedding, and the front part as a closet. Then they took box cars and put us on straw. We then rode 200 miles through the roughest country I ever saw, and we were ex-

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pecting Rebels to throw something on the track all the way, but we finally got through in safety to Chattanooga.

The squad I belonged to was assigned to the building of a fort. Here we worked for a long time, and lived on quarter rations. I remember one time I was detailed to go on picket duty. I got an order from the captain to go to the baker's and get some bread. I had to march out with the squad two miles and a half.

I was put on the third relief, which gave me six hours. Then I went back again to Chattanooga, and called on the baker, showed him the order for the bread. He said there had been one order there before from that captain, and he wouldn't let me have the bread, after I had waded through the mud for about two and a half miles.

Then I got mad. I said, if you could sell bread at six cents and a half to officers you could sell it to the men instead of their having to pay twenty-five cents a loaf, and to trade off their clothes to pay it with.

There were a few came down with a great lot of clothes. He gave the officers a certain amount if they would issue them to the soldiers. So every week we were issued to draw clothes if we wanted them. The boys would draw an overcoat, worth perhaps about \$8, and trade it off for bread for whatever they could get for it, and I told him that was just the way the officers always tried to skin us on everything.

So I went back to the command empty handed, and stood my turn as picket. While we were there the boys run across a poor old cow that could scarcely stand alone. They cut her throat and ate some of her meat. I told them they would be more hungry than before, for the old cow had starved herself

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to death. We had an alarm. A sentinel had fired a shot, thinking it was a Rebel, but it turned out to be only a critter out grazing.

I met a young man that had got shot through the hand. He wouldn't go to the hospital with it; so he and I tented together, and he kept house for me and I called him my wife. The officers had some apples shipped down to them, and they commenced to decay. So they fetched them to the camp and threw them all around. The boys made a great scramble for them. I scrambled with the rest and was knocked over several times and couldn't get one, but my man wife got four or five.

We were short of wood at Chattanooga, and had to take three or four cars and go to Tunnel Hill, about eighteen miles. We would cut small trees and take them to the cars and load them. We would pile the wood on as full as the stakes would hold. Going through Tunnel Hill they would come near catching on to the stones as they went along. We were on top of the load, and if we caught the stone we were liable to a great smash-up.

When we arrived at Chattanooga, the way they divided the wood was to throw it off the cars, and each soldier would grab as much as he could carry, and my man-wife would get fully his share. I would have to dress his hand every third day. We were together about a month, and I think he was the best company I ever had.

I was appointed officer over the guards. In this capacity I acted a long while. We went on picket duty again. I had charge of the picket. When it came time for one fellow to go on duty he couldn't be found high or low. So I had to take

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one of the extra soldiers to take his place. Before the next relief went on my missing man had been found rolled up in a blanket under the tent. So I made him stand his full time, which was four hours.

He got a bounty of \$1,500 to go down South to soldier, and he made up his mind that he would not soldier at all, and he began to act it out.

I got a furlough for a day to go up on Lookout Mountain. The road was winding around the mountain, and within about five hundred feet of the top was a fine spring, which was flowing out from under a rock.

When I got to the top of the mountain it was a flat surface, about half a mile square. Our folks had built a hospital up there. The river runs right down against the mountain, and then turns an easterly course around the foot of the mountain.

The mountain, where it faces the river, is five hundred feet. To look straight down the trees below look like small bushes, and the large steamers on the river look like little toy boats, and men would look to be about six inches high.

On top of this mountain it was solid rock. Yet, strange to say, it was filled with small sea shells. On the east side of the mountain there was a steep slope, and our soldiers had to pull themselves up by little bushes that they could get a hold of, while the Rebels fired over their heads. When they got to the top of the mountain there was some great fighting done, but they soon gave way and left the mountain.

From the top of the mountain you could see seven different States. About midway down there was a cave. One of its mouths is in Tennessee and the other is down in Alabama.

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On this mountain there were several rocks twenty-feet high. They were opposite to each other, and formed a highway. In the time of the war we heard a good deal about fighting a battle above the clouds, and it was fought on this mountain.

At night I went down the mountain well paid for my day's work. I never expected to go up there again, so I took a good observation of things. Now we received orders to march over the Mission Ridge to take charge of a block-house. When we got there the commender was gone, and we didn't know whether it was the one we were assigned to or not; so I told the boys they might lay down. So we broke ranks and they lay down.

About midnight the officer came. We found out that we had to march five miles farther. I ordered the command on to the railroad. My Illinois man, whom I had on picket once, swore he wouldn't go a step. I told the boys to fix bayonets and fetch him on to the railroad. This they declined to do. I suppose they were afraid he would shoot them. When they wouldn't go I went. He fired off his rifle at me, but he didn't hit me. Then I prodded him about three times, and it fetched him on the track pretty quick. I took his rifle away from him and made a prisoner of him.

He went the five miles, saying he would shoot me the first time he got a loaded rifle, but the boys told him he had better be careful how he said it. When we got to the block-house we divided the squad, and part of us went on and part stayed there.

I took command of it. Our duty was to guard the railroad. Two of us had to walk on the track to the next block-house and

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back again. This was a dangerous work, for we were liable to get shot any moment by the Rebels.

I would let some of them scout around to see if there were any rebels about. I went once myself with a party. We saw wild turkeys' tracks in the road, and I took the men and went down in the swamp a ways, but I couldn't see any of them. So we turned back.

My two men had left their post and gone to a Rebel barn. They had left their guns up against a fence and went up into the hay loft to hunt for eggs. I took possession of their guns, and when they came down I took them prisoners. There was one I called Shorty. He opened his bosom and said, shoot me, but don't take me a prisoner. So I gave him his gun again.

We once went to Chickamauga Mill, and on the way we came to where the two roads meet, and here we didn't know which one to take. We saw a hotel on the hill just above. We went and inquired, and before we got up to the hotel a Rebel run out with his rifle half loaded, shoving down the bullet.

Four of my men run back down the hill again, and I run up the hill just as fast as I could, and Shorty stayed right by me. We inquired the way to Chickamauga mills, and went on.

Now I gave my four men a good lecture. I asked them if they thought a Rebel could shoot them as well as when they were facing them as they could when they had their backs to them, for if there had been a half dozen Rebels or more they would have shot them deliberately.

When we got to the mill we all filled our sacks full of meal; then we returned to Chickamauga. The rest of our company that were left behind had captured a lot of prisoners, and among

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them were some that had guarded the prison at Jackson, and they knew me.

They wanted to know if I ever was in Jackson. I told them I guessed I was, and I'll never forget that month. They said there never was such a racket in Jackson as there was the morning I escaped from prison, and that they had shot the fellow that was on guard at the door.

The idea of a man getting out of prison where there were sixteen men lying on the floor, and not one of them being wakened out of their sleep, and to saw off an iron bar and bend it over, which would require six men to have bent it, but I bent it alone, just as easy as a tarred rope. Their dogs scoured the country everywhere, but couldn't find any trace of me. This was the Rebels' opinion of my escaping out of Jackson. Among the prisoners were two squirrel-hunters that first arrested me.

I then went to visit a camp of refugee women. There were only two men among them, and they were two ministers. There were five hundred or more women. We issued soldier rations to them. They were the most forlorn looking set I ever saw. They were camped in a piece of woods, and had scarcely any rags to cover themselves with.

The boys in talking of the Rebels, one of the officers said that Jeff Davis was a smarter man than Abraham Lincoln ever dared be. I told him if I had a Rebel to shoot or him I thought I would shoot him first. I told him to go over in the Rebel lines and die in the last ditch, for, said I, if ever your friends need you, they need you now, and he reduced me to the ranks for saying that.

From Chattanooga we went to Knoxville, which was about

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100 miles. We stayed there a few days, and then returned to Chattanooga. On the way to Chattanooga I saw the sharpest piece of stealing I ever saw done.

There were five barrels of flour, which belonged to a settler. I saw one barrel go up to a car window, and that was the last I saw of it. The train didn't stop over five minutes, and as soon as he missed the flour he detailed a guard and searched the train, and if there had been even a splinter or a speck of flour to have been found, our commander and officer would have to pay for it, which would have cost them \$125.

That was the smartest piece of stealing on record, but, after we got to Chattanooga, I had some cakes that were made out of the flour, but all the hand I had in it was to see the barrel of flour go up to the car window.

We have returned to Chattanooga and gone North to the Tennessee river. The cars were loaded inside and out. I got as near to the centre of the car as I could. Some of the boys that were down near the edge of the car were shaken off and killed.

Coal was so scarce that they would have to run down grade as fast as they could in order to get speed enough to send them up the next grade. We had to continue this until we reached the Tennessee River. Then we disembarked ten steamboat loads of us and went down the river, thence up the Ohio River to Louisville. There they heard that Sherman's bummers were coming, and they sent a guard down to prevent our landing.

The boys pelted them with lumps of coal and they all got mad and presented their rifles to fire, but if they had ever fired there would have been lots of blood shed. Our party de-

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tailed a guard, and wouldn't let us go near the rail of the boat for fear they would jump off and desert.

We went by a good many of the boys' homes. They had been to war about three years, and when they saw old home they felt like getting there; so they would jump in the river and the guards would fire at them, but never would hit any of them. It was a terrible sight to see the effort they made in swimming to get away.

As we went along the towns in Indiana they would all gather along the bank to see the ten boat loads of soldiers go along. The boys would write some pretty hard things on paper and tie it to a lump of coal. Then they would throw it to the girls on the banks of the river, and when they read them I knew by the expression of their faces they were words that weren't very nice.

We stopped at Cincinnati, and put one old bachelor off the boat to the hospital. He lived just four days. Afterwards two of our captains got a furlough for two hours to go on shore.

While they were gone they went into a milliner's shop and captured two or three bonnets and two wax dolls. They got full of whiskey and paraded up and down the boats with the bonnets on their heads and the doll babies in their arms, and made a ridiculous sight of themselves.

Then we went on from Cincinnati to Wheeling, West Virginia. There we disembarked and went in box cars, lined outside with sheet iron to keep the Rebels from shooting us.

It was a frosty morning. We went there, and they gave us a few bundles of straw to lay on. The tender was on top of

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the boiler of the engine, so as to keep it on the track as we were going down the Allegheny Mountains.

When we got down the mountain we came to the Potomac River, and run down alongside of it about 100 feet above the level of it, and I expected every minute we would go down into the river. When we got to Harper's Ferry we disembarked, and they carried us over on a ferry boat. Here they put us into the cars that had seats, and we left the old box cars behind, and went on to Washington, D. C., in comfort.

We stayed in Washington about a week, and did guard duty. Then we got orders to go across the chain bridge into Virginia. We marched about eight miles until we came to Alexandria. Here is where Colonel Elsworth was shot.

We saw a number of ships with four decks. We embarked on these ships. I took the upper deck. I presume you all know what for. We sailed along by Washington's residence.

Everything went on nicely that night. The next forenoon we saw a school of porpoises rolling along in the water. I said, look out for a storm, as I had always noticed those kind of fish play before a storm was coming. We went by Hamilton Roads, and were saluted by a fort there.

That night we began to catch it, as the storm was coming on heavy as we were nearing Cape Hatteras. For three days and three nights the storm was terrific, and we were out in mid-ocean. The captain couldn't see to get his bearings, but the third day the sun came out, so he could get them. We had ropes to hang over the boat, and when we would see a breaker coming we would catch our ropes and hang on to them, so as not to be washed overboard, as several other boys were.

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After the captain got his bearings he turned the boat part way around, and sailed towards North Carolina. These were the most dreadful days I ever put in on the sea. Half the time our topmast was in the swells of the sea, and there were no eating or drinking for those three days.

When they opened the hatchways no hog pen ever smelt worse. Then they had two or three days' work cleaning up the vessel. We passed one or two men-o'-war. They hailed us and wanted to know of the captain what we were loaded with, and he told them he was loaded with mules and soldiers. It made the soldiers mad because the captain used the name mule ahead of the soldier.

We sailed along by a good many wrecks of blockade runners, which showed our gunboats had been very effective. At last we reached the mouth of the river that runs down from Wilmington. Here we disembarked, and took smaller vessels and went up to Wilmington. There we disembarked and went into camp.

We stayed here four days. Our guns were a fearful looking sight after the salty bath they had while on the ocean. It took four or five days to get them cleaned up in a presentable shape. We were then drawn up on dress parade for the officers' review. Then we were issued five days' rations.

We had 400 bounty jumpers from New York. They said, we have money and won't eat your hard tack. So they left it lying on the ground. The other boys gathered up as much of it as they could carry with their own.

We took up our long march through the land of pitch, pine and peanuts. Every now and then the boys would throw off

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their coats and the negroes would gather them up and take them away.

North Carolina is one of the hardest places to march in I ever saw. It was sandy soil, and every step you took it gave way under foot. We came to one old farmer who had 500 bushels of peanuts buried.

When we broke ranks we would form a line right along and take our ramrods and stick them in the ground, and when we found soft ground we would dig for treasure. In this way we captured the old farmer's peanuts. The old fellow grunted terrible about it, but we carried off every one of them.

When we got orders to halt the boys began to look for rails, and maybe they would get orders to march three or four miles farther on, and they would carry the rails on their backs to have them for cooking their rations with.

Those who gathered up the extra hard tacks sold them back to the fellows for \$1 apiece, as they could not find a place to buy other food, as they supposed they could.

I was on picket duty one night, and one of these fellows offered me \$500 to let him through the lines. I told him he would have to see some of the Rebels before he got home, and if he attempted to go through the lines I would shoot him.

The next we had an engagement with Rebels; several were killed and a number wounded. We had some of the enemy's cavalry on our flanks, picking us off every day. So we had to march in fighting order all the way.

We came to a Rebel fort. So we deployed out and went through the woods. The bullets went whistling by our ears every second. We were running up towards the fort with our

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knapsacks on; my suspender buttons both gave way; so I had to stop and repair up.

When I caught up to the command again they had captured the fort and a lot of prisoners besides; also a lot of Rebel mail, and divided it among the soldiers. We found one letter that was written to a mother from a boy who was in the Rebel Army at Richmond.

He said, I will soon be home, mother. All the swell-heads are leaving Richmond. Jeff Davis went to-day. Grant's army is in sight of Richmond. The boys all had a good cheer over that. One boy was loading his gun to go on picket duty. It was a sixteen-shooter.

While he was shoving the bullets down the Rebel that was looking on said he was shoving down a big bellyfull. Yes, said he, when he gets his bellyfull he is good for sixteen Rebels.

They marched us until they marched every ounce of strength I had. It was raining, and I hadn't strength enough to cook my mess. I just couldn't do anything but lay down.

When three brigade bands struck up and played "Hail Columbia," it just strengthened me so much that I got up and got my supper. One night we heard cannonading off on our right. We were ordered to fall in on light marching order. We had a lot of Indiana farmers, and when they found that they had to go into battle they were a sick set. So we left them to fetch on the baggage, and we went on double quick, but when we got there it was only Johnson blowing up his armament.

The next day we got news that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. If one of my nearest friends had been dead I wouldn't have felt as bad. The Rebels came crawling in on their bel-

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lies, expecting that we were going to kill every one of them. We told them we had no idea of killing them, and that we knew they were not to blame for the deed.

The next day we marched to Sherman's headquarters. Now we all marched in battle array on four different roads. Every once in a while we would be fired on by a lot of Rebels. One night I was out on picket and took a Rebel prisoner. When we got to the light where I could see, he said, I was too old a man to come down and fight we'ons. I told him if we'ons wouldn't live under the flag I would come down if I was a hundred years old and whip them until they would live under the flag. He said he was always willing to live under it. I said some of you weren't willing to live under it, for you had a rattlesnake for your ensign.

While marching I came across a fellow with a chicken's leg in his hand, and the woman had it by the head. She said she just paid \$2 for the chicken and wanted to cook it, but the fellow said he must have it and jerked it away from her and went on.

The next we came to was Raleigh, in North Carolina. The capitol building had the Rebel flag floating from the top. The boys went up to take down the flag, and the Rebels shot at them. There were two Rebels up there, and they shot them very quick.

We were assigned to guard the asylum. It was up on a high hill. The rest of the town lay below it. Sherman's army numbered about 110,000. They messed two together, which made about 50,000 fires.

There was a crazy man at the asylum. He kept walking up and down the veranda, saying, I never expect to see such a sight again until the day of judgment.

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Here Grant showed himself to be noble. The Rebels wanted a condition for surrender, and General Sherman was about to give them some conditions of surrender when Grant heard of it. He came down and told General Sherman that he must have an unconditional surrender and trust to our mercy.

Grant might have taken the surrender himself, and, if he had, it would have killed General Sherman in the minds of the American people, but he left it to Sherman to take the surrender, only it must be unconditional.

Sherman's army was divided into four corps, and marched on four different roads to Richmond. We were just a hundred miles from Richmond, and we marched it in five days. The four commanders made a bargain with each other that the commander of the corps that reached Richmond first would have \$150. They marched them on a run, and then told us they were marching only ten miles a day. That march cost thirty men's lives.

After the war was all over, just to accommodate some of the officers' pride, and to see who could get their corps to Richmond first, we had to wait a half day to have some pontoon bridges put down. These pontoon bridges are made of duck, and set bow upstream and fasten by a cable. Then they have stringers from one boat to another and lay a plank on them. We marched a mile on that, every step we took it swayed, and it seemed as if it would go out from under us; but we got over all safe. They had to pontoon four or five rivers before we got to Richmond.

The negroes lined the road on each side. We came to a plantation where they hadn't seen any army or any whites—they thought we were going to kill them, and to see 500 or 600

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running away from us as fast as they could run—men, women and children. The boys yelled at them to see if they could make them run faster. It was quite a novel sight to see them run.

We arrived at Richmond and found two corps there ahead of us. Here we stayed in camp for four days. The first night I slept there. In the morning when I got up and took my blanket up off the ground there were four little copper-headed snakes. If they had stung me it would have been all day with me, but it was cold. So I don't suppose they were lively enough to sting me. I soon fixed them so they wouldn't sting anybody.

Sherman's army took delight in blackguarding the Potomac Army. The Potomac Army had white collars on, and Sherman's bummers would say, hello, there goes a fellow with my pay roll around his neck. That is the reason we haven't got our pay. They cleaned out one Potomac settler.

I got a furlough and crossed Belle River, and went into Richmond. I saw Libbey Prison and the trench where Colonel Strait had dug to get out of prison. I spent the day in sight-seeing around Richmond. I thought it was rather a pretty place. They had a large park there, and I sat there part of the day, viewing things around me.

I went back to camp again. The next morning we started for Washington. The Potomac Army was drawn up in line on both sides of the road for a mile or more. We marched on through Richmond out to the Seven Pines, where McClellan's army had been for two years before, and they could have taken Richmond just as well as not.

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There was only a little force guard there then to guard the city. I expect that McClellan dare not risk a battle for fear he might lose it. Then he knew he would lose the Presidency.

You could see the spires of Richmond from the Seven Pines. We marched on towards Washington, over the grounds where the Potomac army had fought. There was not a rail left as far as you could see, or scarcely a house. We crossed a stream where we had to take off our clothes and put them on our heads and wade through. We went until we came to Bull Run. Here we had another stream to wade through. We saw one hundred and fifty men from Andersonville. They had been in prison there, and they were just skin and bones. You would scarcely know they were men. They were so emaciated they were literally starved to death. We camped near Arlington Heights, and stayed there one day and night while they prepared for a grand review.

The next day we marched into Washington. It took us three hours and a half to pass a given point. The streets were wide in Washington, so we could march a company in one platoon. Pennsylvania Avenue is one mile long from the Capitol Building to the White House.

The streets were filled from curb to curb with soldiers. They had the grand stand opposite the White House. Many of the regiments had their flags torn, so that you could scarcely tell they had ever been a flag.

We went into camp about one mile outside of Washington. We used to go down to Washington every day to see the sights. I have seen the parks full of Sherman soldiers lying sound asleep in the middle of the day. I thought they were taking their rest, and was glad to see them. There were signs up all

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over to keep off the grass, for Sherman's army had the freedom of the city. They mustered them out as fast as they could and paid them.

I got transportation and a pass to go to my regiment. They thought it would be mustered out in Chicago, where it was mustered in. When I got there I couldn't find the regiment or the mustering out officer; so I had to get transportation again to go back.

Then they gave me sufficient authority to be mustered out if I could only find my regiment. This time I went to Memphis, Tennessee. There I found my regiment had done duty there, and had been mustered out. I then returned to Chicago again and was mustered out, and paid \$560 June 20, 1865. This ended my war career.

THE END.

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